

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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\$1.00 a Year

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All calls promptly answered. Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist

MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST

Has located and is ready for business in the Bank of Marlinton building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor

Meadow Dale, Virginia.
Maps and Blue Prints a specialty. Work in Pocahontas County solicited.

WOODS AND WATER

A Department in Which the Sportsman who Wields the Pen May Get Back at the Man who Beats him Fishing by Telling it Happened

Williams River: Its Possibilities for Trout Lying on its Banks. Keeping Warm by the Light of the Moon

We suppose that one time there was no water that could compare with Williams River as a trout stream. While a great many other creeks, with no more fishing than is done in Williams River, have about played out, each season Williams River furnishes its quota of trout, the supply seeming to vary in accordance to whether the

even of refuge, and Williams River will continue to furnish good sport after the other streams in the county have failed, unless the United States Government takes the matter in hand and restocks them, which it seems very much inclined to do.

Williams River flows in the shape of a horse-shoe, with one heel at Beaver Dam and the other at the mouth of Day's Run. It is seven or eight miles around the bend, and some thing like three miles straight across. To walk from Marlinton and fish around the river is a good two day's journey, and if the weather is seasonable it will repay the trip. We did it in one day once, but do not care to do it again.

We have done most of our trout fishing around this bend, and have laid out along its banks many kinds of weather. We will mention one trip.

We had been going camping with our older brother and friends several years, but one year no one was available, and a pall of mine about the same age and experience thought we would like to try it by ourselves. We took about four times enough bread and other things than was necessary, and each of us had a back load that would have done credit to a man. The only thing we lacked was a shooting iron, but we could find nothing available. I had access to a rifle, and my partner had a shotgun, but both were too heavy. We wanted a gun most desperately, but there was none to be borrowed, so we had to go without.

We got everything in readiness on Thursday evening for an early start next morning. The weather had been warm that week, but Thursday evening was a little cold and gave promise of a cold wave, but we had the smell of the pine in our nostrils, and in our mind pictured the flash of the trout as we leaped for the bait.

It was real cold next morning, with the sky somewhat overcast, but we got under way before the older folks were awake enough to think of preventing us.

We walked out pretty fast, and with our big packs were pretty comfortable. We went out across the Red Lick flats and came on to Mountain Lick Run, well up towards the head, about sun-rise.

There was a little frost on the ground and in the deep hollows it was rather cold, but the trout bit fairly well. We were warm from our exercise, but the damp hollow and occasional plunge into the icy water soon chilled our blood, and the fish slime soon had our hands so numb that we could not bait our hooks.

We were intent on fishing, however, and by helping each other bait, one holding the worm with both hands while the other stuck the hook in him, we got along fairly well until we got to the river, where the sun was shining warm enough to be comfortable.

We fished along slowly down the river, catching a good lot of large trout, for this was before the river was fished as much as now, and the water was in fine condition. We fished carefully, and waited long for bites, having not yet learned the usual way of trout fishing, a few casts in each hole, besides we felt it our duty to catch every trout in the river as we went, forgetting that we might want to come back some time. What fish we did not catch must have been pretty thoroughly scared by our continued fishing, which is proven by the fact that a man fishing behind us the two days had not been small fish as we had large ones, when he overtook us on Saturday evening.

Whether the trout bit unusually well that day, or whether it was because we had been used to the waiting game of the fish of Greenbrier I have always thought I have never seen fish so hungry. We barely took time for dinner, and fished too late that evening, and consequently had trouble with our culinary endeavors.

Some time in the afternoon the sky became overcast, but we took no notice until the falling light made us look for a place to build a fire. We remembered being told of a bark camp at the mouth of Black Mountain Run. We knew that we had not passed this run, but how far below us it was we knew not. Luckily we soon came in sight of it and made arrangements to spend the night.

All available wood was scarce, having been burned up by the for-

ON TO GRAFTON

The 11th Incident of the Civil War.

Had Installation of Battery of Osborne Wilson, of Monterey, Va. Story of a Young Confederate Volunteer.

Stick arms and lie down and sleep well. Got up this morning and marched over 8 miles, and reached Pruntytown. Taylor courted about 10 m. March to Court House. Dixon is sung and a very patriotic speech is made. Men complain very much of fatigue. Company is divided into squads of 15 and taken by the secessionist citizens and given their dinner. 500 men must have come.

very hospitable. Have singing of Dixie at several houses. March and get to Fetterman before sundown. Quarter in a church.

Saturday, May 25, 1861.—Spent the night at Fetterman. Have difficulty in getting bread as usual. Much complaining among the men. Go on parade and stand until given out. After long waiting, we take up the march for Grafton. Get here about 1 p. m. Get a private house opposite engine factory for the Highlanders to bivouac in, with a lot in the rear for cooking. The Churchville Cavalry is messing on same lot to our right.

Sunday, May 26, 1861.—Am waked up at midnight and put on guard with a fellow from the Bull-rusture named Hickline, until day light. This is an important town, as well as dangerous, and will have to be well guarded. We have hard times, but I presume, easy compared to what we may expect. The Highlanders' wagons all leave tonight. Signs are ominous—may not see them again. Mr Price came yesterday evening to remain and preach for us a short time. Our mess draws rolls and corn cakes, and we have some beef. Franklin Guards have been drilling some to day as have been the Pendleton Minute Men. They occupy the engine factory, a store building and a brick building near it. They stopped telegraph communication last night. Every thing seems to indicate that an attack will be made here. A rumor is out that a railroad bridge was destroyed last night between here and Wheeling, but not known by whom or for what purpose. Many ladies going out of the town this evening. The place is being evacuated by some of the families. Presume they are Union and think it best to be from among Confederate troops. A rumor is out that we are to burn Grafton and murder the Union families, utterly unfounded. We momentarily expect troops from Ohio and other northern points to attack us. We mean to defend ourselves and sell our lives as dearly as possible. The Barbours troops just marched into town. Grafton is nearly as large as Staunton.

Monday, May 27, 1861.—Am called up at daylight and put on guard with Jacob Bird. Off at breakfast. Citizens, fearing an attack and violence, are moving out of town. Citizens don't like our presence. Get cartridges and prepare for an attack. Am put on guard.

Tuesday, May 28, 1861.—A report prevails among our men that an overwhelming force is coming against us. The cavalry are on the scout all night, and at midnight we are ordered to prepare to retreat. Many of the men oppose it. Our Company is excited and don't like to evacuate the place. We get our baggage ready, expecting to get orders to march immediately. We remain in the street before our barracks a long time, every moment expecting to start. All become impatient. At length we march to depot and remain on parade a long time. We march to Webster. Our train comes down hill, making much noise. Our men were marching the railroad track, and supposed the cars were coming, and an order was given to clear the track. An idea got out the cars were coming, actually loaded with our enemies. We were ordered to form in the timber and fire on them. The companies got much excited and commenced to double-quick—some of them. D.C. and I were behind and coming up and seeing the train of stores we supposed they were our enemies, and ran on to get with our company. We were all hoaxed, no enemy being near.

Wednesday, May 29, 1861.—We got to Philip about dark last night. Go to bed on our blankets on the floor, and sleep soundly till daylight. Our company hold secret meeting in the court house, in which we are quartered, and our commissioned officers are appointed to draw up resolutions to present to Colonel Partridge. They bring them in, and they are read by Lieutenant Meyers, and unanimously adopted by the company. They set forth our determination not to march from here till we are better prepared for road. I think they place us in a very dangerous position, though however, without thinking however. There is much dissatisfaction among the men. We hear that the enemy are at Clarksburg. We thought

we would get an order to counter-march.

Thursday, May 30, 1861.—Go on parade under Sargeant Patterson for some duty not known to us. Sargeant Patterson is not well, and Corporal Ervin takes his place. After standing on parade in the sun we are marched to the bridge where the dust nearly suffocated us. Fifteen men were taken from all the companies as guards. We remained a short time, when I took some notes for yesterday. Through some mistake of the officers we were marched over the river, and then back again. Our squad is marched and placed north of town as sentinels. Our head officer is a tall, slender, young man, with red, curly hair, no whiskers, dark eyes, and good-nature, especially his face. He places my company with another officer in front of the mountain.

Friday, May 31, 1861.—Was on duty from 8 a. m. yesterday till 9 a. m. today. Slept none all night. Have to stand on parade until other guards are prepared to take our places. Hear that Buckhannon has been taken possession of by the enemy. Matters are growing worse every hour. Jacob Bird, from Fairfield, got into town this morning, on his way from Winchester, having rode all night to escape being captured by the Yankees. He brings an unfavorable account of the condition of the people in Preston County, which he passed through. A newspaper report says that an action was fought at Harper's Ferry with loss to the Yankees, and another near, with the same result. It is said that a company of infantry from Rockbridge, armed with minnie-rifles, will soon be here. Our forces are increasing rapidly.

Saturday, June 1, 1861.—Was waked up last night and given cartridges. An enemy was thought to be near. Drill under J. S. Gilmore. Came off, and then go on dress-parade. Came off, but then get general orders from Major Boykin. Expect to retreat to Beverly.

Sunday, June 2, 1861.—An enemy is thought to be near. We are called out at midnight. Captain Lull's company are ordered to occupy a height east of town. We are provided with ammunition, and marched to the top of the hill. The officers exact great caution. Get orders to come down to break fast. News comes that enemy is advancing upon us. We are ordered to pack luggage and retreat but the order was countermanded. We are not to leave till further orders.

Monday, June 3, 1861.—I am put on guard about 3 a. m. Remain about three hours, at which time the enemy begin to fire can non into the cavalry quarter. Instantly our men get excited and all is confusion. A retreat was ordered, and the officers of the different companies try to form their men in the street, but the cannon firing and the enemy advancing on us with small arms, we retreated as fast as possible. The enemy followed us through the town, firing on us with small arms supposed to be minnie rifles. Captain Hull ordered us to flank. We flew to the timber intending to fire as they advanced, but they did not, and we continued silently to march through the woods for a long time. We had scouts out all the time. We got guides to show us the way. We stopped at houses for provisions. We came across mountains to a creek and quartered in a church. Many of us were worn out, and had no blankets. We marched without breakfast, and no more until late in the day. Many reports are going as to the number of the men killed on both sides. The retreat tires the men very much.

Tuesday, June 4, 1861.—Get off without breakfast. Guide leads us about two miles out of the way. Have to counter-march. We are with Captain Mooman, he being our commander. We march by a path through the woods to Cheat River. We stop at a waste house, build fire, and rest awhile, when Colonel Turk comes and takes about ten of us up the river about a mile. We wade the river twice, come up to Jacob —, and make breakfast. Lieut. Meyers and Sargeant J. Frank Patterson have gone up the river to get other quarters sufficient for us all to stay in one place. All our baggage is in the hands of the enemy.

Wednesday, June 5, 1861.—Start across mountain before daylight, come about two miles and stop for

breakfast.

Come over the mountains to Taylor's. He lives in a fine grass region. The mountains are very rough, but rich. Thunder storm at noon, and rains on all evening. The path gets very slippery. Get to Armentrout's, an old bachelor, where we spend the night. Marched about twenty miles.

Thursday, June 6, 1861.—Morning very hot and men suffer from heat. Come up a rich draft, and very shady. Then cross Little Mt. to where we are waiting for dinner. Nearly all the men are almost broken down from long and steady marching. We form line, and those who want to stop at the hunting ground. Ten or eleven stand fast, while those who want to go to the Fork, pass to front and get their rations. We then go on up the Alleghenies at quick-

ness on in at the mountain. We come within 22 miles of the North Fork, and then march up and down the mountain very rapidly—almost run. The men in fine spirits all afternoon. We get down to the Fork about dark.

Friday, June 7, 1861.—Start about half-past 7 a. m. People on North Fork of South Branch of Potomac furnish us with horses to ride to top of mountain. We are promised something to eat and drink when we get over the mountain. Stop at P. Wimer's at noon. March on to Hevener's Mill, and meet George W. Wilson and Luther Campbell with horses to ride home on.

Saturday, June 8, 1861.—Go to town (Monterey), meet many who are glad to see me, after our hardships on our military expedition. Soldiers are getting belts and scabbards made for knives.

We go on parade and stand awhile, are then commanded to be there at 10 a. m. on Monday morning. We break and the militia form line. They expect to march westward next Tuesday.

Sunday, June 9, 1861.—Go to church. Mr Kennedy preaches, after which Mr J. S. Pullin prays, and urges the people to observe the 13th inst. a fast-day, recommended in President Davis' proclamation, and says Hightown is a good place.

Monday, June 10, 1861.—Go to town as ordered and get there in good time. Go on parade at 10 a. m., and roll is called. We are dismissed with orders to be on parade at 5 p. m. Go to head of river and get bread baked, and do not get back to town in time for parade. Roll is called and we are marked absent.

Tuesday, June 11, 1861.—Went to Monterey to parade, and then came home.

Wednesday, June 12, 1861.—Prepare to start to Hevener's store. Ladies of the neighborhood nearly all there. We are waiting for the balance of our men and officers to come from town.

Thursday, June 13, 1861.—Companies have all started and are going up mountains. Eat dinner at Laurel Fork. Come up with trains at Greenbrier River.

Friday, June 14, 1861.—We form line of march. Morning very hot. The bridge broke down, but the trains forded the river. Get to foot of Cheat before sundown and camp. Sam Gilmore tells us that Colonel Kelley is dead, and that Grafton is perhaps taken.

Saturday, June 15, 1861.—Expect to start on military expedition this evening. We prepare for supper, but the hour of marching being near at hand, we have to eat without coffee. Load up and start after 7 p. m. March very rapidly after we get started.

Sunday, June 16, 1861.—Get to Beverly about three a. m., having marched all night. Go in a church through window, and lie down on hay to sleep till sun comes up. We march several miles, and a number of us stop at house and get butter-milk. Stop at top of Laurel Mt. to eat dinner. We have marched down into a meadow. Men are carrying straw from three stacks to sleep on. All tired after hard march.

ARBOVALE

Good morning Mr Editor: Dry weather for corn and oats.

The Greenback correspondent seemed to think Sol Phares was in a muddle, but he was mistaken. Sol's mind is as clear as crystal for he has added another acre to his potato patch.

Our farmers are nearly all done planting corn. The outlook for what is still left is encouraging.

The Sunday school at Arbovale is a success. Last weeks paper says a reader found a verse in the Bible with all the letters of the alphabet except Q, and wanted to know if anyone else had found it. Yes, there are four verses in the Bible that contain all the letters except Q.

Has anyone found other verses that have all the letters except K, and H?

How often is the word Easter mentioned in the Bible?

What was the name of Moses' father?

HOUGHINS' FAMILY BAND

History of a Unique Band Organization, by J. F. Houghins the leader of the Band.

How a Musical Monroe County Family Learned to Make Music, Without Instruction.

My active band experience is so meagre and limited, and my experience with music in general so varied, and perhaps interesting, that I will begin at the bottom, and briefly trace my career, in so far as it relates to things musical, up to the inception and organization of the only cornet band with which I have ever been actually connected.

Before I had entered my teens, my father, himself a banjo player

he lost no time in making me a regulation size, "home spun" banjo. I kept it strung with hair out of a horse's tail. When I tired of my banjo I made a round bridge for it and used a bow, in order I suppose to create variety.

As my oldest brother was rapidly learning to play the banjo, now I turned my musical fancy toward the fiddle, and soon traded for one, agreeing to clear off a small patch of ground for it, and while burning off the brush the fire got away and destroyed enough fencing to pay for an armful of such fiddles.

By the time we were grown, my oldest brother and I could play well enough to justify us in purchasing a new instrument apiece, and about this time my oldest sister, with a little help, bought her a splendid new organ from Marshall and Smith, New York. My two sisters and four brothers, with myself, soon began to attract attention from lovers of music throughout the community.

About this time a family of cousins, one girl and four or five boys living but a half mile from my fathers, began taking a part with us, and we lost little time in getting up the "Houghins Stringed Band." The stringed band began after this wise: My eldest brother and I would get our banjo and fiddle and begin playing a popular air while the rest of the family would sing. Directly one of the boys would pound on a door with his fist to mimic a bass drum, and with good effect. This was improved on by one of my twin brothers getting mother's tin stove-boiler and banging the floor in perfect time, with the boiler, usually placing a hat under it to take the twang out of the sound. Then the other twin got father's cleveland, and so that was the triangle. My youngest brother now bought for himself a brass cornet, made by Jules Verne, Paris, worth about 8 or 10 dollars. He soon learned to play after time to "Sweet Bye and Bye," "Home Sweet Home," and many others.

As our cousins began to drop in and take on the musical fever, they improvised horns of paper, and would bellow and squawk in them like bedlam, until we found that we really made as good, or better music on some selections than is often made by brass bands.

The question of a "brass band" was now often and warmly agitated among us boys. We were— and we are yet—poor in means for gratifying such luxurious tastes as we have, and so the expense of buying new instruments bothered us quite a little. We organized, and by the aid of the printed literature which music houses showered upon us, elected officers and qualified them in fine style. We learned (?) speeches to each other upon the subject so near our musical hearts.

At each meeting the "hat was passed"; that is to say, each of us threw in his little mite until we had as much as twenty dollars all at one time in our hungry treasury.

After considering several offers of second hand instruments, we wisely decided to purchase new ones, and through the credit of a merchant friend we bought eight nickel plated horns, a 34 inch drum and a pair of eleven inch cymbals, at a cost of \$189.60, agreeing to pay \$20 down and \$20 every sixty days. Following is the instrumentation of our little band: One Eb cornet; three Bb cornets; one Eb alto; one Eb tenor; one Eb baritone; one Eb baritone; one Eb tuba all made and sold by the Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Cincinnati, O. We bought at the same time a copy of Herndon's Beginners Band Book, for each part, nine in all, the bass drummer using the cymbals also. We proceeded to practice without the aid of a professional instructor; not because we did not need him, but because we were not financially able to employ one and were too eager to learn to wait until we could employ one.

After we had met and practiced twice a week for six or eight weeks we were asked to give a concert at the village and charge admission, and by that means the public could assist us in discharging the heavy debt we had contracted. We did so. It was a grand success, so we thought. The village school house, was packed. We carried of \$25 as a reward for our effort. This so encouraged us that we prepared to give public

entertainments, and traveled two weeks at a time over the wildest parts of Summers, Mercer, and Raleigh, as far as Flat Top Mountain. We gave a strictly moral entertainment, principally in music and negro dialogue and song. We had a good time learned much and fast, and gathered in a little spoil, clear of all expenses, but I would not advise any young band to depend on such methods to accumulate funds, unless they have an able and experienced leader.

I will close this sketch with a true anecdote, which will serve to give the reader a fair idea of what others thought of our band leader, six months after we had organized it.

I am a carpenter and a short time after we closed our public engagements to give concerts, I was disappointed in getting a certain

Band Journal to the effect that I was a good carpenter and a band leader, all of which was true. I soon received several answers, and finally struck an agreement with an organization in Mississippi. So hither I went as fast as steam could whirl me, and promptly established a reputation as a good carpenter, but alas! My poor efforts at practice with an old and experienced band were soon detected, and one day their corresponding secretary, who had been very instrumental in hiring me ang getting me a good position at my trade, remarked to me that I had certainly come up to the requirements of a good carpenter, but I seemed so far to be woefully short as a band man. I proudly replied that I had told him every word the truth.

"Why," said he, "you claimed you were the leader of a band."

"And so I was," I promptly replied.

"And it must have been a hell of a band, if you were the leader of it," was his stunning reply.

J. F. HOUGHINS.

Order of Publication

State of West Virginia,
County of Pocahontas, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court for said County, on the first Monday of May, 1902.

Rella F. Yeager, Administratrix, Plaintiff.

vs
Sallie Y. Scott, Maud McCandlish, J. W. Yeager, Trustee, W. H. Yeager, L. M. McClinton, Trustee, Paris D. Yeager, Amos Barlow, J. P. Mooman, Ella Cunningham, infant, Rella F. Yeager, William H. Dilley, trustee, the Pocahontas Development Company, a corporation; R. E. L. Doyle, J. W. McClure and Geo S. Taylor, partners trading and doing business as McClure and Taylor Company; Paul Golden; N. S. Duffield; Charles Prior; George W. Leonard; J. M. Yeager; A. C. Argbost; E. H. Knicely; J. M. Cunningham, Admr Eula Cunningham Martha J. Hamilton; B. F. McElwee; Cyrena H. Wilfong; Bettie A. Burner; A. E. Smith and Jas. A. Whiting, partners trading and doing business as Smith and Whiting; James H. Gum, W. F. Irvin; S. P. Sheets; L. M. McClinton, Special Receiver of Samuel Cooper and Company; C. R. Durbin; Carrie H. Dilley; E. I. Holt, The Pocahontas Bank, a corporation; the Bank of Marlinton, a corporation; John A. Waugh; A. S. Robertson; James Gibson, Jr., Jasper Friel; W. H. Frost; E. F. Nottingham; L. M. McClinton; Andrew Price, Special Commissioner in the case of W. T. Price vs John C. Price and others; Alfred Paul; Geiser Manufacturing Company, a corporation; the Frick Company, a corporation; B. M. Yeager; F. H. Kneaid; J. A. Hoover; Enoch McNeil; M. C. Carter; Levi Gay and C. D. Kincaid, partners trading and doing business as Gay and Kincaid; R. M. P. M. and R. L. Nelson, trading as Nelson Bros. and Company. Defendants.

The object of this suit is to settle up the estate of Henry A. Yeager, deceased, to subject the lands of said decedent to the payment of his debts, respecting the priorities thereof, to settle the accounts of Rella F. Yeager, Administratrix of Henry A. Yeager, deceased, and to take all proper accounts incidental to settling said estate.

This day came the plaintiff by her attorney, and on his motion and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants, Maud L. McCandlish, Walter H. Yeager, and W. H. Frost are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the Frick Company and the Geiser Manufacturing Company are corporations chartered under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania and that no person can be found in the said county upon whom process can be legally served, and that the residence of the defendant Cyrena H. Wilfong is not known to the plaintiff, and that diligence has been used by plaintiff to ascertain in what county she resides, it is ordered that said defendants do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.
J. T. McAllister
Tipton and Richardson, Sols.
A. Price